



CHARLES
McLAREN

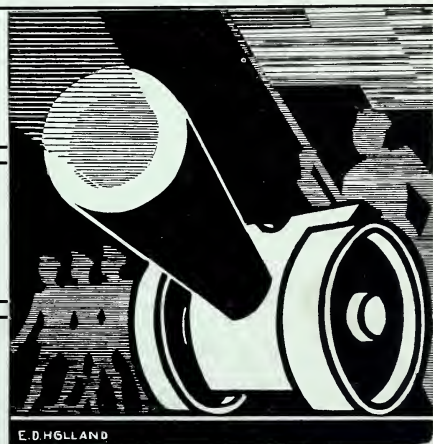
THE ARSENAL CANNON

THE ARSENAL CANNON

THE THIRTY-NINTH
VOLUME OF THE
SEMI-ANNUAL
MAGAZINE

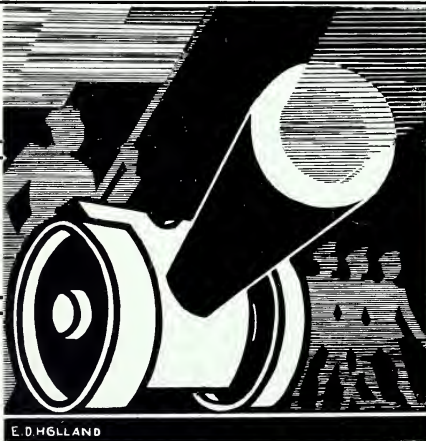
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA
JUNE • 1932

ARSENAL
TECHNICAL
SCHOOLS



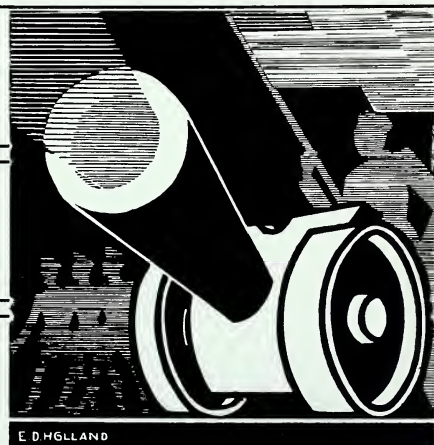
FOREWORD

That the hands of the historic Arsenal clock may be made to turn back on this, Tech's twentieth birthday, and to retrace in vivid outline the history of these seventy-six wooded acres since 1800; that it may relate the interesting story of Tech's twenty years of growth as a school; and that it may point out the Supreme Day milestones since the first, May 22, 1916, this magazine has been compiled.



THEME

It has been our purpose in arranging this magazine to emphasize the five highlights in the history of our school, from its founding in 1912, to the Twentieth Anniversary Supreme Day Exposition in 1932, and thus weave into these pages the theme of twenty years of progress. The art work and typography in each of the five sections depict the period as indicated by the date and poem on each division page.





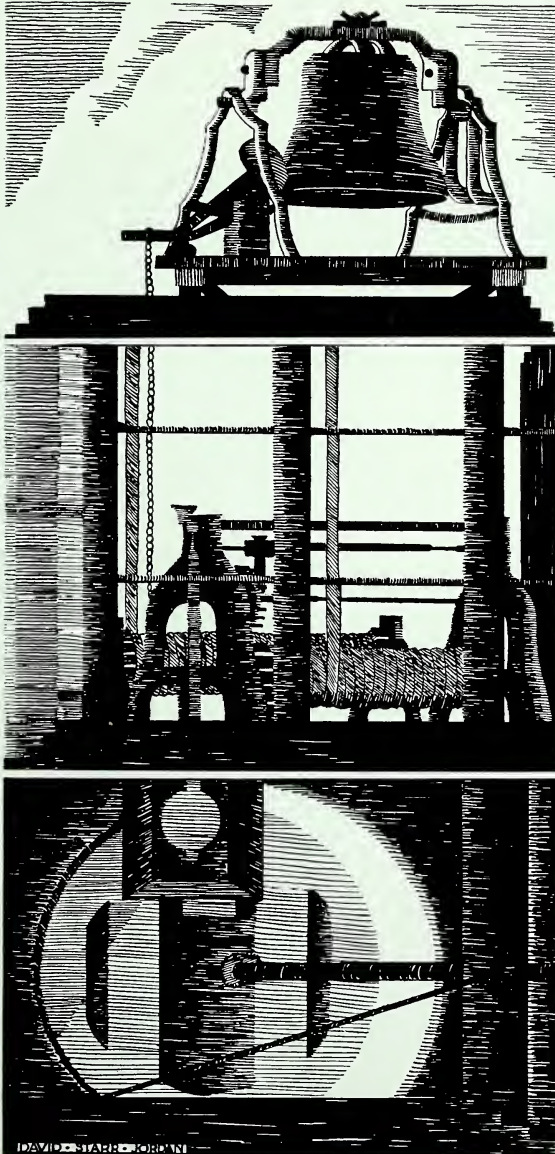
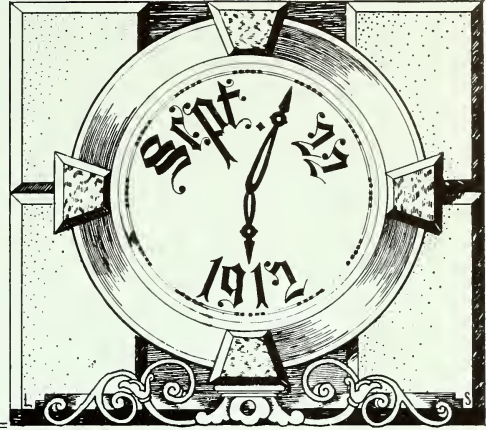
DEDICATION

TO Miss Dorothy Carey and Miss Hazel Barrows who, as members of the initial freshman class of the Arsenal Technical Schools, have been closely associated with

its progress during the twenty years of its existence, and now, as members of the faculty, are contributing to its further development, we sincerely dedicate this magazine.



THE CLASS OF 1932



IF THEY COULD SPEAK

If they could speak, those things we
love so well,
The Fountain, walks, our daily
meeting places,
What stories of our life they then
might tell,
Of classes, campus pranks, and
sports afield.
What tales the grim, stern Arsenal
tower
Might tell us as we walk from class
to class!
The old clock-hands, as they point
out the hour,
Disclose the passing of our class
room days.
The message of the bells informs the
ear
That life will give us what we earn
of it.
We may expect a judgment without
fear
When we have done the best that
we can do.

FRANCIS S. NIPP.

OFFICERS OF THE

ROOM 192



CHARLES APPEGATE
PRESIDENT



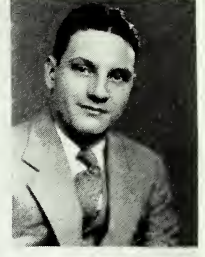
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KATHRYN ADDISON
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JAMES BETTS
TREASURER



ALBERT ARMEL
SERGEANT-AT-ARMS

ROOM 139



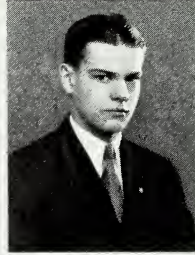
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PRESIDENT



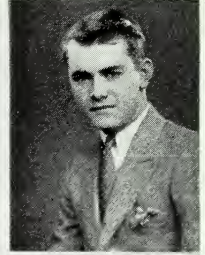
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JACK CRAIFREE
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ROOM 173



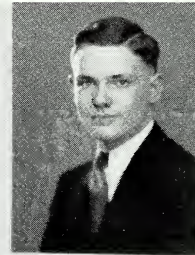
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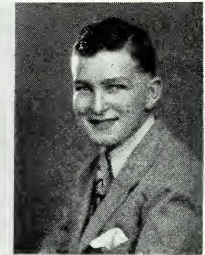
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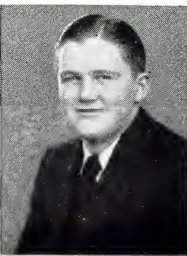


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JOHN KINGSBURY
SERGEANT-AT-ARMS

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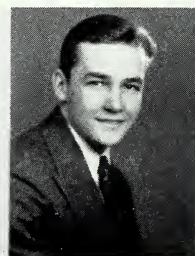
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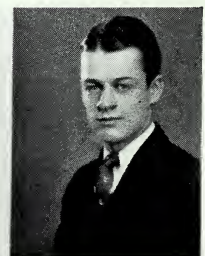
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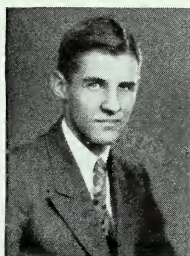


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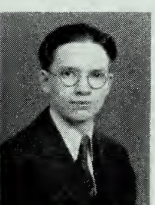
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CHARLES T. BOWERS



DOROTHEA BOWHAY



PAUL MAIR BOWMAN



HAROLD D. BOYD



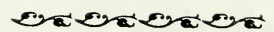
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OSCAR BUSCHMANN



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ROBERT CAMPBELL



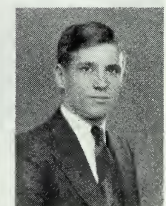
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MILDRED CLARK



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LEFFMAN HINDMAN



EDITH HISSOW



FRANCIS HINTZE



AGNES HISSONG



MERLE HOBBS



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STANLEY HOLZER



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JOSEPH MEIER



WILLIAM MELLOH



ROBERT MCVILLIE



STANLEY MENG



PAULINE MERBER



VINSON MERKLE



LAWRENCE MERKLEY



EARL MERRICK



ARTHUR MERIDETH



MAX MERRETT



MAXINE MERTZ



MARCUS MEYER



RAYMOND MEYER



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GARLAND MILLER



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RUSSELL MILLER



WINSTON MILLER



DOROTHY MILLHOLLAND



DOROTHY MILLIRON



BUREN MITCHELL



DOROTHY MITCHELL



LUCILLE MITCHELL



WILLARD MITCHELL



EUGENE MOCK



HENRY MOFFETT



BETHEL MONCAL



PAUL MONTGOMERY



EVA CATHERINE MOORE



MARK MOORE



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DWIGHT MORGAN



JACK MORGAN



MARION MORRIS



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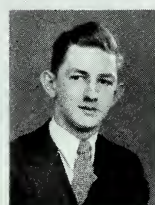
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WALTER PIPERT



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LEROY READLE



NORMAN REDDOCK



EARL C. REED



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HENRY REESMAIER



MARGARET REID



JAMES REILLY



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CLARENCE REYNOLDS



ELEANOR RHOADS



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DONALD ROBERTS



VINCENT ROBERTS



ELEANOR ROBERTSON



MARTHA ANN ROBERTSON



SYLVIA ROBERTSON



MARIE ROBINSON



MILDRED ROBINSON



CHARLES ROBISON



FLORENCE ROBISON



MARY RODENBURGER



BEATRICE ROEHM



NORMAN ROGERS



RAYMOND ROGERS



FRED ROMEL



ROSALIND ROMEL



MILDRED ROSEBOUGH



WILLARD ROSENBAUM



RICHARD ROWLAND



CHARLES RUSHTON



ELIZABETH RUSSELL



WILLIAM RUSSELL



PAXINE ST. HELENS



LEONA SACHS



FERNANDO SAMPER



DOROTHY SANDERS



JAMES SANDERSON



DOROTHY SANDS



MARY SANDY



LOUIS SASEK



ROBERT SCANLON



DONALD SCHAD



HERMAN SCHAEFFER



JOHN SCHAEFFER



TWILA SCHENCK



DOROTHY SCHLEGEL



HELEN SCHMIDT



WILLIAM SCHNEIDER



RALPH SCHOFIELD



KARL SCHREINER



GEORGE SCHULLER



GLEN SCHUMYER



KENNETH SCHULTZ



ROBERT SCHUMAN



DONALD SCOTT



HUGH SCOTT



THELMA SCAPER



ELMER SEDAM



ROBERT SEHOFF



CHARLES SEITZ



CHARLES SELLERS



DOROTHY SELLERS



HAZEL MAE SEWARD



GEORGE SHAFFER



IVALENE SHAKE



MARY IDA SHANK



J. ROBERT SHANNON



MARIE SHEARD



CHARLES SHEARER



HAROLD SHEARER



OLIVE SHETLEY



WINFIELD SHELTON



NINA RUTH SHERMAN



JACK SHIDELER



RUTH SHINGLETON



EVELYN SHIPMAN



KEITH SHOCK



EDWARD SHUEY



MELVA SHULL



RUTH SHUFFERT



DAVID SHUEY



VERNON SIMPSON



HARRY SINCLAIR



HOWARD SINCLAIR



RUTH SINGERS



RUTH SLAUGHTER



ARTHUR R. SLEMONS



CATHERINE L. SMITH



GLEY L. SMITH



HAROLD G. SMITH



IRENE M. SMITH



JAMES R. SMITH



JEWEL SMITH



MARIAN E. SMITH



MELVIN SMITH



MILDRED V. SMITH



RALPH W. SMITH



RUTH E. SMITH



SARAH L. SMITH



WILLIAM B. SMITH



NADINE SNYDER



MALETTA SOCKS



FRED SOMMER



ALBERT SOUTH



MILDRED SPACKE



CHARLES SPAHR



KATHRYN SPALL



WAINETA SPARROW



LOUIS SPEAK



ANNABELLE SPENNY



FRANK SPICKELMIRE



HERBERT STALUTT



CLARA STAMBRUGH



EVELYN STAMBRUGH



CARL STANICH



STELLA A. STAPP



RUSSELL STARK



DONALD STEELE



WILLIAM STEEPLETON



JAMES STEINBARGER



LOUISE STEINBARGER



FRANK STEINMETZ



GLADYS STEVENS



WILLIAM STEVENSON



GEORGE STIFF



JAMES STILES



MILDRED STORCHILL



ANNA STOLL



JOHN STONE



OLIVE STROCH



EDWIN STRONG



IVAN STRONG



MARY STROY



SYLVESTER STROY



RUTH STULTZ



MARVIN SITTER



JEAN SULLIVAN



RALPH SUTTON



GEORGE SWAN



GLENNYS SYMONDS



ROBERT TAGGART



LARRY TATLOCK



EARL TAYLOR



HELEN TEANEY



CHARLES THOMAS



ELIZABETH M. THOMAS



MARGARET THOMAS



MILDRED THOMAS



ROBERT THOMAS



RUTH THOMPSON



MARIE THORMAN



PHYLLIS THORPE



VIRGINIA THORPE



ONETA THRASHER



WILLIS THUM



OPAL TIBBS



CHARLES TITUS



NORMAN TITTS



HELEN TODD



CARL TOMLIN



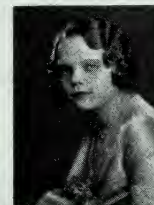
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KATHRYN TOWNSEND



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MORRIS TRISKLE



CARL TROUT



GORDON TROUT



JOHN TROUT



MILDRED TRUEBLOOD



DOROTHY TUCKER



PAUL TURASKA



GEORGE TURNER



JOHN TURNER



DOROTHY UNVERSAW



EDWARD C. COUGHLIN



BILL A. ADONIS



GEORGE VAN ALSTER



GEORGE VAN FLEET



JOHN W. VARLEY



VICTOR VARRO



AGNES VAUGHN



AVIS VESTAL



GERALDINE VYE



WILLIAM VOELKER



ROSA VOELLER



EMILY VOYES



MILDRED WARNITZ



PAUL WAGGONER



HAL WADLEN



ADEATH WALTERS



DONALD WARD



PAUL WARD



WILLARD WARNER



HELEN WARRINER



RAYMOND WARRINER



ALICE WASHBURN



CORA WASHON



WILLIAM WEAVER



WILLIAM WEBER



LOUIS WEBSTER



DOROTHY WEHLERMAN



ROScoe WEHMEIER



LUCILLE WELLMAN



NELLIE WELLS



PAUL WELLS



ROBERT WENNER



J. T. WHALLON



ALBERTA WHEELER



JAMES WHERRITT



FRANCIS WHITE



GERTRUDE WHITE



HAROLD WHITE



RITH WHITE



VIVIAN WHITE



WILLIAM WHITE



RICHARD WHITNEY

THE ARSENAL CANNON



RAYMOND WHITTON



CHARLES WILDS



ROBERT L. WILKINS



HELEN WILKINSON



LOIS WILLIAMS



MAX WILLIAMS



PAULINE WILLIAMS



WARREN WILLIAMS



BETTY WILLIAMSON



VIVIAN WILES



EVELYN WILSEY



CHARLES WILSON



LOIS WILSON



LILA MAY WILSON



LUMAN WILSON



MARTHA JANE WILSON



CHARLES WINKLER



SAM WITBOFT



AMELIA WOERNER



RUBY WOESSNER



FREDERICK WOLFE



MAGNOLIA WOLFE



MAURICE WOLFORD



VIRGINIA WOOD



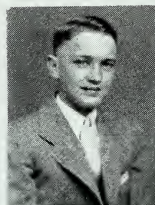
HAROLD WOOLF



ERNEST WOODS



ANNETTE WORRELL



DELBERT WRIGHT



MILTON WRIGHT



JUNE WIEGLER



KENNETH YOUNG



SYLVIA YOUNG



CHARLES ZAPPA



MARGARET ZIEGLER



DWL ZIFFERIN



LUCILE ZIMMERMAN

IF THEY COULD SPEAK

(Senior Class Poem)

If they could speak, those things we love
so well,
The Fountain, walks, our daily meeting
places,
What stories of our life they then might
tell,
Of classes, campus pranks, and sports
afield.
What tales the grim, stern Arsenal tower
Might tell us as we walk from class to
class!
The old clock-hands, as they point out
the hour,
Disclose the passing of our class room
days.
The message of the bells informs the
ear
That life will give us what we earn of it.
We may expect a judgment without fear
When we have done the best that we
can do.
The tower seems to say, "Stand firm and
true.
Give to your life the utmost of your
strength.
There is no more it can demand of you,
And there awaits reward for him who
seeks."
If, when the tower speaks, we under-
stand;
We may repay the gifts our school has
given.
Though life includes the world in its de-
mand,
We can live loyal, true to our ideals.

FRANCIS S. NIPP.

SENIOR CLASS SONG

On thy campus filled with beauty
Technical, Technical
Where we learned to do our duty
Technical, Technical
There's a spirit in the air
Don't you feel it everywhere;
The loyal spirit of our sons and daugh-
ters true.

Chorus:

On to victory is our aim.
How joyously we praise thy name.
True to you we'll be,
We'll do our best for you to see.
Let me go
Let me go
Forward to vict'ry
Technical.

WE ACKNOWLEDGE

The magazine editors acknowledge with appreciation the work of Miss Frieda B. Lillis, printing design instructor, who supervised the lay-outs and typography used in this publication; and also the work of Walter Spaulding, Alfred Kraus, Harry Madison, Berland Coombs, and Robert Freudenburg, who assisted in mounting the pictures.

Thanks are due to Mrs. Roberta Stewart and her art students who created all the art work: Fred Wolfla, Buford Payne, Louise Steinbarger, Sue Chaplin, Warren Harbert, Paul Hawkins, Oliver Wilhite, William Weaver, David Starr Jordan, Charles MacLaren, Edwin Harris, Drennen Hart, and Eugene Holland.

SENIOR JOTTINGS

Size of Class: Approximately 960.
Class Colors: Burnt orange, ecru, and mordore.
Motto: "He has achieved success who has looked for the best in others and given the best he had."
Class Gift: Two hundred dollars' worth of trees including the Washington Elm.
Class Plays: "A Kiss for Cinderella," December 4, 1931, Auditorium.

"Skidding," April 15, 1932, at the Murat Theater.

Senior Assembly for Student Body: March 23 in Auditorium.

Class Day: June first.

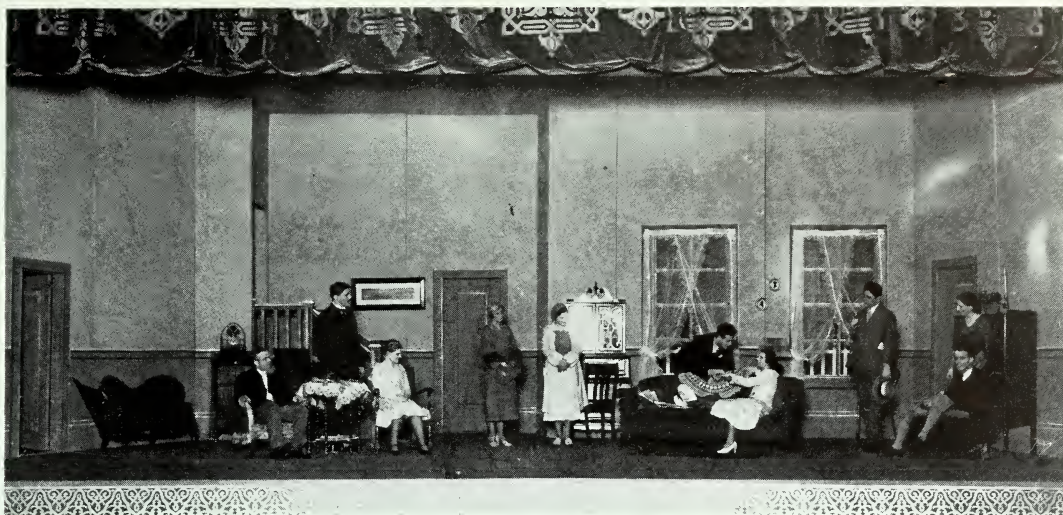
Vesper Service: June fifth.

Honor Day: June sixth.

Commencement: A-K Division, Tuesday, June seventh.

L-Z Division, Thursday, June ninth.

SENIOR CLASS PLAY



SKIDDING

BY AURANIA ROUVEROL

Class Play presented by the Senior Class

Section L-Z, Murat Theatre, April 15, 1932.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Grandpa Hardy.....	Raymond Rogers
Marion Hardy.....	Dorothy Sanders
Wayne Trenton III.....	Dave Ziffrin
Mr. Stubbins.....	Henry Moffett
Myra Hardy Wilcox.....	Mae Spence
Aunt Milly.....	Emily Voys
Andy Hardy.....	Henry Reepmaker
Mrs. Hardy.....	Kathleen Sims
Judge James Hardy.....	John Miller
Estelle Hardy Campbell.....	Rosalind Romel

STAGE STAFF

Director.....	Clara M. Ryan
Stage.....	Chelsea Stewart
Electrician.....	Herbert D. Traub

ASSISTING FACULTY

Advertising.....	Sara Ewing
(assisted by members of her Advertising I classes)	
Costumes.....	Ruth Dunwoody
Properties.....	Dorothy Harder
Make-up.....	John F. Simpson
Music.....	Frederic Barker
Financial.....	Dwight Park
Programs.....	Frieda B. Lillis
(assisted by members of her class in Advanced Printing Design)	

COMMITTEES

Financial—James Bettis, chairman; William Grepp, Richard Kautsky, Fred Lantz, George Schmidt, Ralph Willis.
Costumes—Kathryn Addison, chairman; Maxine Mertz, Annette Worrell, Evelyn Willsey, Marie Lueth.
Make-up—Jean Sullivan, chairman; Eunice Asbury, Adna Bridges, Lillian Casey, Ruth Davis, Irma Flutro, Pollyanna Fricker, Albert Kennedy, Adella Lovick.
Properties—Virginia Wood, chairman; Paxine St. Helens, Norman Titus, William Rider, Lucille Mitchell.

MUSICAL PROGRAM

By Tech Concert Orchestra

Entrance of the Heroes.....	Victor Herbert
Magic Flute, Overture.....	Mozart
After Sunset, Intermezzo.....	Arthur Pryor
Down South, American Sketch.....	Myddleton
Call of the Elk, March.....	Alford
Gate City Guard, March.....	Victor Herbert

THE PLAY'S THE THING!

PROLOGUE -:- -:- -:- -:-

An uncanny stillness pervaded the scene—the hush that portends the coming of great events. As the curtains parted, the audience settled back into their seats with a deep sigh. At last, the play for which they had so long and eagerly awaited was to begin.

With a flourish of trumpets, heralds announced the coming of the chief characters. The low, thumping undertone which had remained in the background grew into a thunderous roar. Soon it disintegrated into the steady tramp, tramp, tramp of thousands of feet. A clamorous murmur and the players, the freshman edition of the 1932 senior class, surged upon the Tech campus, a perfect setting for the drama to follow.

-:- -:- JANUARY, 1929 -:- -:-

The thud of the hammer, the insistent whir-r-r of the drill, all the thousand and one little noises that go with the bringing of a new building into the world are silenced. The Wings to the Main Building have been completed! Finally the doors are thrown open. Eager students hasten to inspect the latest improvement on the Tech campus. It is a great day for the Home Economics department which has its new laboratories here. Darting eyes glisten in quick approval as they take in every spick-and-span detail of the shining new equipment and the cheerful, cozy rooms. Lucky are the freshies who will be among the first to use the new Wings!

MARCH, 1929 -:- -:- -:- -:-

A climax to a brilliant basketball season is the winning of runnerup honors in the state basketball tournament. Individual honor, also, is captured when the Gimbel medal for good sportsmanship is presented to a Tech boy. And as a climax to a climax there is the never-to-be-forgotten parade from the campus to the Monument Circle and the exciting festivi-

ties that ensue. Led by the band and stepping smartly in time with the resounding thump, thump, thump of the big drum, their green and white streamers flying in the bright sunshine, the freshies march prominently in the parade. Amid hissing serpentine crepe and snowlike flying bits of paper, members of the team are introduced from the steps of the Monument by Mr. Stuart, while from freshies, as well as from upperclassmen throats, comes a swelling cheer, "Yea! Rah! Tech!"

SPRING, 1929 -:- -:- -:- -:-

Into the triumph and gayety of the first year creeps a melancholy note as the freshmen somberly watch the razing of the old East Residence. Hungrily they gaze at it, storing up memories of each now-precious part. No more will they race up and down its creaking, complaining stairs; no more will they carve initials on dingy walls; no more—but enough of such lachrymose meditation. First member of the Old Guard to be honorably discharged, the freshmen bid you farewell!

INTERLUDE -:- -:- -:- -:-

There was a restless shifting in the audience as the spectators prepared themselves for the next act in the enthralling drama. A fanfare from the bugles warned them of the next act. A breathless quiet imperceptibly settled as the curtains divided for the second time.

II -:- -:- OCTOBER, 1929 -:- -:-

Night. Through the deep, dark blue of the sky, venturesome stars peep down on a strange sight. Dark figures dot the Tech campus, and the prying eyes of the little stars discern those of the new sophomores as they hasten toward the huge, new-looking building near the northeast part of the grounds. The brilliant glow of powerful lights diffuses itself over the ground nearby. Silence, and then the stirring strains of a great pipe organ

pour forth as the new Auditorium is formally dedicated.

Prominent speakers and the Concert Band do their share to christen this latest Tech masterpiece. A sense of triumph surges through the Techites who worked so hard and earnestly to purchase the magnificent organ as its rolling tones engulf them, drowning them in waves of triumphant melody.

Night. The selfsame stars that gazed down on the scurrying figures on the Tech campus a few weeks before are again witnesses to the strange sight. To the voice of the great organ, this time, however, are united human voices vibrant with youth, and the lively voices of band and orchestra. Glee clubs, concert clubs, choruses, bands, orchestras, all unite in a gigantic musicale in which the entire Music department participates to dedicate the Auditorium as a superb music hall.

Night. Though light streams forth over the campus and crowds hurry again to the Auditorium, no voices are raised this time in pæons of rejoicing. Gentlemen and ladies of long ago graciously disport themselves on the stage as that courtly play, "Monsieur Beaucaire," is presented at the third dedication of the new Auditorium. Thirteen years of wistful waiting culminate in this magnificent playhouse. Tech now boasts a theater equal to any other.

Night. The shrill scream of a whistle, the thud of hard bodies hitting a harder floor, the mighty cheers of excited rooters fill the night as the Auditorium is dedicated for the fourth and last time as a gymnasium. Lithe bodies twist and turn as the girls, not to be outdone by the boys, present an impressive gymnastic exhibition.

INTERLUDE :- :- :- :-

The intermission over, the members of the audience hurry back to their seats prepared to enjoy the next offering of the famous Tech players. Lights are darkened and the strains of music from the

orchestra fade into nothingness as the curtains open on the third act.

III :- :- NOVEMBER, 1930 :- :-
"Have you heard about it yet?"

"Well, what's going to happen to us now?"

Resembling a bee-hive, the campus fairly buzzes with groups of excited students and faculty members.

"Mr. Stuart's leaving!"

Frantically juniors wonder how Tech will ever get along without him. For it is no little thing for a school to be faithfully and competently guided for nineteen years and then to lose that guiding hand.

However, at the announcement that this position as principal will be taken over by Mr. Morgan, some of the gloom that overshadows the campus is dispelled for if anyone is well fitted to assume the leadership of Tech, he is the one. With this knowledge and the realization that Mr. Stuart is only going to a position of greater responsibility and will still be with them as superintendent of secondary education, Tech is finally satisfied, and the hubbub that clouded the routine of the school day is calmed.

INTERLUDE :- :- :- :-

As the curtain descended on the short but important third act, the spectators shifted restlessly in their seats, seeking more comfortable positions. The play was now rapidly approaching a climax. A warning blast from the bugles and the fourth and last act began.

IV :- SEPTEMBER, 1931 :-
"For-r-ward! Mar-r-ch!" The band blares forth as around the oval bordering the athletic field comes the trim, high-stepping R.O.T.C. unit. Heads erect, chests pushed out, they come to a rest facing the grandstand. Amid an awed hush, the commanding officer of Fort Benjamin Harrison steps forward and adds to the Tech flag another gold star to the nine others already there. Just a small gold star but what an honor it signifies—the tenth consecutive year that

Tech has been designated as an honor school in the fifth corps area. Three cheers for Tech's M. T. boys and their instructors!

DECEMBER, 1931 :- :- :-

Poor Cinderella! Harassed by an unsympathetic policeman, snubbed at first by the pompous King and Queen and even the portly Lord Times, she finally conquers the pampered Prince-Hard-to-Please, but just as she is about to obtain happiness her dream ends.

Doctor Nell Bodie, hiding a great heart under a guise of brusque masculinity, with the aid of the inimitable Danny Duggan and the fair Lady Charlotte, succors her and as the curtain falls Cinderella finds herself in the arms of her Prince Charming, David, the London bobby, with her glass slippers safe upon her "exquisite" feet.

So the seniors view with satisfaction the play of the A-K division of the senior class, "A Kiss for Cinderella."

JANUARY, 1932 :- :- :-

"Room 119. Student Activities Room. Come In." In two's and three's the seniors stroll into the inviting, beautiful room on the first floor of the Main. The formal opening of the Student Activities Room also marks the first social gathering of the new senior class. Over punch and cake they chat and comment on the homelike atmosphere. Another step toward perfection is made with the opening of this room which now provides commodious quarters for student meetings with a new dean's office adjacent.

APRIL, 1932 :- :- :-

Presenting a convincing picture of American life, the senior L-Z division play, "Skidding," is a huge success. One of the most laugh-provoking presentations to appear in the Tech repertoire, it depicts the trials and tribulations of the Hardy family. The activities of Mrs. Hardy and Judge Hardy and their children evoke many plaudits from the record crowd of seniors gathered to see the production.

MAY, 1932 :- :- :-

Tech celebrates its twentieth birthday! Twenty years ago these grounds were put into use as the Arsenal Technical High School. A gigantic exposition in the Auditorium shows the world what Tech is capable of doing. For three days the crowd strolls in and out, admiring the attractive booths and the striking displays. And in the midst of all this, the seniors play an important part. The senior exhibit calls forth many compliments and the seniors who planned it feel well repaid for their labors.

MAY-JUNE, 1932 :- :- :-

As the semester draws to an end, the seniors who are so soon to depart close their high school careers in a blaze of glory. One after another come Memorial Tree Day, the Senior Party, Honor Day, Vesper Service. Commencement at last with its breath-taking solemnity! Boys in dark suits form a living background for the fairylike daintiness of the girls in their pastel costumes as they assemble for the last time. Diplomas presented, the actors quietly steal away—some with wistful backward glances as they recall the joys of the past four years—others eager to hurry on to the new adventures awaiting them in the future.

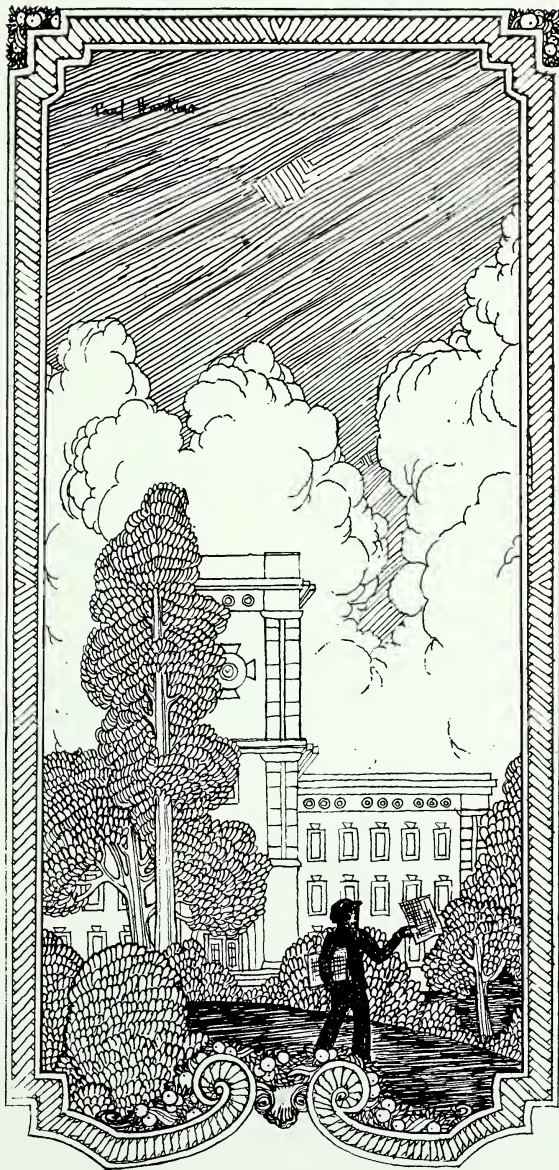
EPILOGUE :- :- :-

A brief moment of silence followed the final lowering of the curtain—a tribute to the power and force of the play. Lights flashed on revealing the variety of emotions which reaction to the drama had drawn forth. The nervous, embarrassed rustle of people caught with their thoughts pictured on their faces flowed through the assembly.

Youngsters who had still to live those magic four years, older folk reminiscing, others who had no memories of such wonderful years, students still in various stages of their high school careers—all streamed forth excitedly discussing the sensational new presentation. A great play, that!

KATHERINE HERBERS

HERE AND THERE ON THE CAMPUS



TODAY AND YESTERDAY

If now it seems absurd to him who
walks

The campus paths of Tech that
there should be

No Tech, to him the records mutely
talk.

From founding date for four long
years in doubt

Tech's fate was hung within the
scales of law,

Considered, weighed, before decree
was made.

For four long years suspense held
all in awe,

Friends, teachers, students, each
enthralled until

They heard the shouts of newsboys
cry the word

That this we know and love today
as Tech

Was safe by court decree. Then
news was heard

That news before nor since has ever
matched.

F. S. N.

DIARY of the ARSENAL CLOCK

JULY 6, 1867—Well, well, here I am at last. What a fine view I have. I was a long time getting up here, but it was surely worth the trip.

MARCH 9, 1874—Flag at half-staff today in respect for ex-President Millard Fillmore.

JUNE 16, 1884—The mainmast of the wooden flagstaff was raised today.

JUNE 28, 1884—The first flag was hoisted on the new flagpole. The soldiers all feel proud of it as it ripples in the breeze.

MAY 26, 1892—I heard the soldiers discussing a new law passed today, that no dogs unaccompanied by their owners will be allowed within the grounds hereafter.

SEPTEMBER 22, 1894—They started to build an iron fence around the grounds today.

MARCH, 1898—War has been declared on Spain. No longer a third-class Arsenal now, we're up in the front rank. They're making haversacks and knapsacks in the Shops and Artillery buildings. Fifty soldiers here, and 100,000 rifles packed in under me.

SEPTEMBER 16, 1901—President McKinley died today; salutes fired in his honor.

JUNE 30, 1902—The Arsenal Grounds were authorized to be sold today under the act of Congress. Guess we're not as useful here as we used to be. Wonder what'll become of us?

MARCH 6, 1903—At 12:14 today, the Arsenal grounds became the property of the Winona Technical Institute. They paid \$154,000 for us.

APRIL 13, 1903—At 6:00 this morning the soldiers fired the last sunrise gun. We are going to be abandoned. Wonder what the folks in the neighborhood will do for an alarm clock now.

APRIL 15, 1903—The flag was lowered at sunset, today, for the last time. I hate to see the boys leaving.

SEPTEMBER, 1904—School has opened here with courses in pharmacy, decorative painting, lithography, and electric wiring. Eighty students are in attendance.

MARCH, 1910—Winona Tech has gone into the hands of a receiver.

JANUARY 15, 1912—Hurray! Things are looking up again. The grounds were leased today by the Indianapolis Board of School Commissioners as a site for a technical high school.

SEPTEMBER 11, 1912—School convened today with 183 pupils and 8 teachers in attendance. Seems like old times.

DECEMBER 9, 1912—Something new on the campus today. Edward Owen as a town crier read the first issue of the school paper, the "Hear Ye," to the student body in Room 4.

MARCH 15, 1915—The seniors chose pins today, which will be known as alumni pins.

MAY 12, 1915—The first senior play, "Midsummer Night's Dream," was presented on the campus tonight.

JUNE 8, 1915—Our first commencement was held at Tomlinson Hall tonight. Six boys and ten girls were graduated.

SEPTEMBER, 1915—Well, well! They've started work on that old hydro-dynamo, the perpetual motion machine, again.

MAY 22, 1916—Whoopee! There is great hilarity on the campus today. The Supreme Court handed down a decision fixing the Ar-

senal grounds definitely as the property of the City of Indianapolis to be administered by the Board of School Commissioners. "Extras" were out all over town. We have 1400 students now.

MAY 29, 1917—Memorial flag-raising exercises were held today. They hoisted a flag on the new 128-foot iron pole.

APRIL 7, 1919—The War department passed a rule authorizing military training in the high schools. The boys look nice in their uniforms of horizon blue.

NOVEMBER 11, 1919—The January '20 seniors held exercises today to dedicate 225 trees, one for each Tech boy who served in the World War. Each tree bears a name plate. The spot, located south of the Arsenal, is called Liberty Grove.

JUNE 7, 1920—With much ceremony, the cornerstone for the Main Building was laid today.

MAY 22, 1921—Today's Tech's ninth birthday. Had a huge birthday cake out here on the campus.

SUMMER, 1921—They're building an athletic field over north of the magazine.

AUGUST 7, 1921—Good night! what time is it anyway? Why, it's only 2:30 a. m. But where's all this light coming from? Why, it's a fire. My old friend, the office. He's a goner this time. Yep, he's caving in. So long, old timer.

MAY 22, 1922—The school is ten years old today. A spirit of festivity pervades the place. They are having a gala pageant called "The Spirit of Tech."

MAY 9, 1925—The Band took first place today in the State Music Contest held at the Circle Theatre.

JANUARY 16, 1927—Everyone on the campus is in mourning. A fine chap, Barton Bradley, gave his life in an effort to save that of a younger lad. Barton's last words to a companion were "Let ME go!" The Tech students are taking that as their motto and creed.

MARCH 24, 1927—A mammoth banquet was held tonight at the Columbia Club in honor of Tech's fifteenth anniversary.

APRIL 1, 1928—A huge drive started today to raise funds for a pipe organ in the new auditorium-gymnasium.

JANUARY, 1929—The New Wings on the Main Building are completed at last.

MARCH 15-16, 1929—Tech's basketball team went to the final game in the State basketball tourney. Frankfort finally defeated them, 29-23. Emmett Lowery won the Gimbel Medal.

MAY 10, 1929—My old friend, the East Residence, is being razed.

OCTOBER 4, 1929—The formal opening of the auditorium-gymnasium took place tonight. The new organ has a marvelous tone.

MAY 31, 1930—Well, we are attaining world prominence now. Word has come that our two-mile relay team set a new world's record at the National Track Meet at Chicago.

MAY 20-21, 1932—Twenty years of progress completed at last. That exposition in the Auditorium was a marvelous thing. I wonder how much change we will make in the next twenty years. Will I be here? I hope so.

WARREN McDERMED

ABOUT THE CAMPUS



AMONG · OUR · VAGABONDS



?



?

DAILY · DOINGS



GUESS · WHO? (COPYRIGHT · MAKE-UP CLASS)

THEN



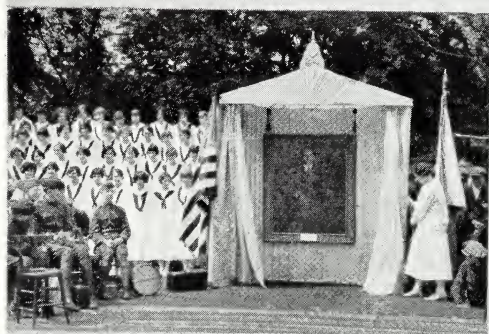
ON THE CAMPUS



A PEP SESSION OF YESTERDAY



THE EARLY ARSENAL



SUPREME DAY
♦ 1924 ♦



AN OUTSIDE
♦ ACTIVITY ♦



♦ MR. STUART ♦
OUR FIRST PRINCIPAL



ENTRANCE BEFORE
♦ TECH EXISTED ♦



DEDICATION OF
LIBERTY GROVE



ADVERTISING
THE CITY SERIES

NOW



AN AUDITORIUM
* TODAY *



MR. MORGAN, OUR PRINCIPAL



SENIOR TREE DAY ASSEMBLY



TECH BAKE SHOP



STUDENT ACTIVITIES CENTER



* WASHINGTON *
BICENTENNIAL ELM

HEART'S HUNGER

A small village, nestled between the sea and the mountain in the land of sunshine and flowers, Sicily, was my home the first four years of my life. From a balcony of our "villa" I watched masses of snow-white foam dashing majestically over the sparkling waters of the Mediterranean. From another balcony I commanded a view of the mountain on which I could see a "man with the hoe" cultivating his small patch of ground, stopping now and then to dry the perspiration from his brow as he leaned wearily on his hoe.

My face as well as my heart wore always a smile as I knitted or sewed my dolly's clothes in the midst of my jabbering playmates. My feet were as light as my heart when I danced the "tarantella" on the shining marble-tiled floors, or tripped gayly over the rocky roads to the homes and arms of loving friends. My heart was as sincere and full of love as the speech that so amused my listeners, and sometimes, to my astonishment, made them roar and double up with the force of their merriment. Young and old loved me; they named me the "wonder child" of the neighborhood. Happy and contented by the many attentions lavished on me, I never dreamed that the world was filled with anything but beauty, love, and joy. I had everything my heart wished for—friends, playmates, relatives, mother, and——. Father? No. That was the only flaw in my happiness. I had never seen my father. He was in America; I, in Sicily.

At the age of four, the course of my life was suddenly changed. As a result of duty calling mother and daughter to the side of husband and father, I found myself aboard a steamer amidst rejoicing soldiers returning home from hardships in France. The soldiers spoke kindly to me, offering me sweets and dainties for my friendship, but to no avail. Their language was strange. Frightened and be-

wildered, for the first time, I refused friendship.

A short time after, I was established in my Hoosier home. Seated on the soft, velvety lawn under the shade of a rambling rose, my dolls and toys lying untouched at my feet, I looked with wistful eyes at the playing boys and girls around me. My heart yearned for their friendship and companionship. Long dreary days dragged by. Then came school days. There, too, I looked on in loneliness. Day by day the feeling of an outcast grew upon me. No one turned a kindly eye toward me. No one gave the smile for which I hungered. When eyes of people chanced to look upon me, I imagined I read accusation in their glance—accusation of intruding upon a land where I had no right. Deep furrows were bored into my heart, nay, into my very soul, never to be healed. I became shy and sorrowful. And as I stood at recess or at home watching the boys and girls play, tears of loneliness rolled down my cheeks, and I thought of the happy days when I was enfolded in the warm, tender embrace of my Sicilian friends.

Nor was I alone in my affliction. My beautiful mother also suffered from lack of friendship. Through pining for her old life, she was fast failing in health.

Many were the nights that I lay awake with tears streaming down my cheeks, hands frantically clutching the bed coverings. Many were the mornings that I walked to school with a prayer of childish simplicity on my lips asking God to transfer my mother's sufferings onto myself so that I could see her happy smile once more.

Yet, I do not wish to complain for the many moments which I have been forced to live in solitude with my thoughts. I am capable of being not only sadder, but much happier than persons who have had everything they deemed pleasant. My

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STUDENT CREATIVE WRITING



A DECADE PASSES

Tenth birthday Tech knew as a
growing school,

That marked the passing over anx-
ious years

Which were dispelled at last by high
court rule,

Years, too, when all the nation lay
in war,

A decade passed and marked in
manner due

A prodigy as Tech had shown itself.

On this birthday a pageant showed
anew

The spirit that had made Tech what
it was.

In this two thousand pupils took a
part.

But still more dear the span of those
ten years

Was held in due respect in each
one's heart

Who had been part of early growing
Tech.

F. S. N.

CHECKING BIRTHDAYS

"Extra! Extra! Supreme Court Decides in Favor of Tech. Extra! Extra!" Calling with loud voices, the newsboys ran along Michigan Street, past the stern and dignified Arsenal Building which seemed not to be affected in the slightest degree by the happy news.

"Ding-a-ling! Ding-a-ling!" The bell in Mr. Stuart's office jingled excitedly. Mr. Stuart took up the receiver. "Congratulations!" came the voice of Dr. Frank Wynn, a friend of the school.

So on May 22, 1916, news first came to Technical High School of the Supreme Court ruling which gave assurance that the seventy-six acres of wooded campus would remain a school, that the loyal work and service rendered by the pioneering group of one-hundred eighty-three students and eight teachers who made Tech's first year, 1912, a success, had not been in vain. Tech was looking forward to a history rich in achievement worthy of these founders.

Tech celebrated her first legal birthday in 1917 in a manner quite in keeping with the history of the grounds. A patriotic program featured the erection of a new iron flagpole to take the place of the old wooden one which had been blown down that spring. This was accompanied by a pageant representing the making of the first American flag. At the close of the pageant, a flag was raised to the top of the new pole in honor of the first American flag unfurled on the Arsenal grounds in 1864.

May, 1918, was marked by dances and drills by the girls' gym classes on the quadrangle in front of the Arsenal and by a pageant directed by Miss Esther Fay Shover.

For several years pageants seem to have taken preference over other festivities.

"The Goddess of Spring," a lovely pageant in which the students' brightly

colored costumes representing butterflies, flowers, leaves, autumn, and the autumn sun, was the presentation attending the third Supreme Day of the school in 1919.

The most elaborate of the pageants and one of the most successful Supreme Days took place in May, 1920. Picturing the history of Tech since the time when the Indians roamed through the seventy-six acres which now comprise the campus and depicting the school's hopes and plans for the future, the performance lasted an hour and a half without intermission. Almost all the students in the school played an active part in the production, which was both written and directed by Miss Shover.

In May, 1921, Tech was for the first time the proud possessor of a huge birthday cake with nine candles to signify the nine years of the school's existence, dating from its founding in 1912. Students representing Tech activities stepped out of it.

The tenth anniversary and the sixth Supreme Day brought a number of visitors to the school to witness the pageant, "The Spirit of Tech," in which some 2,000 pupils had an active part. The guests were also invited to attend the classes which were in regular session and to eat in the Tech lunchroom. The Music department furnished entertainment in the form of a band concert with pep songs between the numbers and with a cantata, "Spring Rapture," given by the Advanced Girls' Glee Club in the evening.

Supreme Day, 1923, was marked by a speech by Dean A. A. Potter of Purdue University.

Class and department displays featured the 1924 Supreme Day anniversary. During the morning of Supreme Day, the Girls' Glee Club presented to the school an oil painting of Mr. Milo H. Stuart, done by Simon P. Baus. The afternoon

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MURDER NO DOUBT

The night was black. Massive storm clouds rolled their black hulks across the dark heavens with the fleetness of the howling wind. It was a night for crime and criminals! The morning sun might see a far different day from the last. And the morning sun did!

The papers were full of it. About midnight the household of the old Vanderhoff country house had heard above the shrieking wind a hoarse, untraceable scream which had subsided in an unaccountable and horrible gurgling. At seven in the morning the housekeeper had fainted when she entered the library and saw blood dripping to the floor, having soaked through the ceiling from the room above. Investigation by Rogers, the butler, revealed old Vanderhoff himself standing in the middle of his room with a knife in his back! Rogers was told to call Filo Vents, the celebrated detective. Vents had mentioned to the butler not to expect him much before nine o'clock, since he had not yet had his tea.

Now tea was over and Filo had started. From behind a glaring newspaper, he discussed the affair with his companion, Doctor Watchin.

"You see, Doctor," Vents was speaking, "the paper says that without a doubt the knife is piercing old Cyrus Vanderhoff's back. With that in mind, by simple deduction I have arrived at the conclusion that the man is dead. But the accounts report him actually standing in his room. The coroner is waiting to receive my verdict as to whether he is dead, but we must make certain. You might help there, Doctor."

"Marvelous, marvelous!" exclaimed Doctor Watchin. "You know, Filo, I have never yet been able to steady myself for the shocks which you give me through your remarkable reasoning power."

"Not marvelous, Doctor. I merely put myself in the place of the criminal. The psychological theories which follow are

usually correct, though I have several times erred. Now, for instance, just what were your theories concerning this present crime?"

"Well, Filo, when you told me that the knife had pierced the man's back to the hilt, I had a sudden thought that he might be dead, yet I was uncertain and was afraid to voice my opinion."

"You did well, Doctor. Never make a statement of which you are not sure yourself. But how do you explain the fact of the man's erect position even in death?"

"I believe that that is a case of the rather rare *virmortestat*, though I myself have never witnessed a case."

Doctor Watchin, knowing Filo Vents' habit of meditating while on a case, fell silent and amused himself with a treatise on athlete's foot until the train stopped before the little station of Burpe, where an automobile was waiting for them.

As they slowed up before the old colonial mansion, Filo, his mind already concentrated on his work, leaped from the still moving car to perform with his huge, trusty magnifying lens a minute examination of the front walk. Filo Vents was to be at his best today, his work to be later classed as the greatest scientific deduction the world has ever known. Twenty minutes later he arose with a queer look on his face.

The coroner led them to the death chamber where the servants were assembled against the wall. Filo's eyes stayed for a moment on each white face.

The coroner spoke. "Filo, I want your exact opinion as to the puzzling state of this man."

"Hmm," Vents mused. "How is his heart?"

"It has stopped," promptly replied the coroner.

Filo Vents walked about the erect form of Cyrus Vanderhoff. "Hmm,"

he still mused. Finally he turned to the coroner, "He's dead!"

"Are you sure?" asked the coroner. "I rather had an idea that he might be dead when I found that his heart had stopped beating."

"Yes, you can sometimes depend upon that as a symptom of death," stated Filo.

"Good. I'll write that down in my notebook. But what killed him?"

"Well, we might safely say that he was killed by that knife in his back," said Filo, adjusting on his nose a pair of cast-iron spectacles in each lens of which had been bored a spiral hole one billionth of an inch in diameter.

"Coroner," spoke up Doctor Watchin. "I have examined the victim closely, and I believe it is a case of *virmortestat*, a sudden terrible paralysis. That knife irritated the *virmortestat* nerve and caused his erect position when the muscles suddenly stiffened."

"I'll put that in my notebook too," muttered the coroner.

Vents strolled to the window. Suddenly he turned upon the butler and cried, "Hesterfield cigarettes!"

"Ohhhhhhh!!!!!" shrieked the butler, and he fell to his knees in a faint.

Filo turned to a policeman. "Hawkins, lock this man up! He is the principal in the conspiracy. I'll have the other in an hour. Come, Doctor, there is a telephone in the kitchen."

Ten minutes later Doctor Watchin hurriedly followed the detective to the coroner's automobile. "Get inside," Filo ordered. "We'll use the coroner's car."

Watchin was too occupied with trying to keep his seat in the roaring car to ask Filo the hundred and one questions which popped into his mind. Vents reduced his speed very little as he entered the city. Dodging recklessly among the traffic, they finally came to a stop before a drug store in a small business district in the 4500 block on Harding Street. This particular store appeared not unusual to Doctor Watchin. It was an ordinary two-

story building with business rooms on the street floor and apartments above. A small hardware store occupied the other half of the street floor.

Watchin followed Vents from the car, and saw him palm a pair of handcuffs as they entered the druggist's and approached the tobacco counter. A smiling young man faced them from behind.

"Pack of Hesterfields," ordered Vents. As the clerk's ringed hand extended them to Filo's outstretched left the steel bracelets snapped. With a snarl the fellow attempted to jerk Filo off his feet while he groped for a gun, but with almost superhuman strength, Filo hauled the man over the counter and rendered him unconscious by a little skull tap with the butt of his own revolver.

That night Filo once more rested comfortably in their apartment.

"Doctor, this was the hardest case I have ever taken."

"Perhaps, but you still have me stumped," admired the doctor.

Deliberately the detective pulled a familiar package of Hesterfields from his pocket and lighted a cigarette. Watchin smiled and waited.

"Doctor, in the first place, if you had noticed this morning's paper more carefully, you would know that the butler, who had only been hired last week, was a former resident of the same 4500 block on Harding Street we visited this afternoon." He paused. "Cyrus Vanderhoff was a resident of that same locality before he unaccountably obtained his huge wealth.

"Now, this morning I made it a point to look up the record, should there be one, of the butler in my own files. You can imagine how pleased I was to learn that he was Victor Laughner, notorious blackmailer of a decade ago! Right then I knew the who and why about the case. Victor Laughner killed Cyrus Vanderhoff because Vanderhoff would not pay blackmail money to the killer. I supposed that it was because of Vanderhoff's sud-

den attainment of wealth six years ago. But that was all supposition and theory. The law will accept only facts.

"Now, Doctor, you made a mistake when you believed that discovery recently by an unknown spirit medium of a disease called *virmortestat*. If you will divide that one word into three you will get in a Latin sentence, 'The man stands in death.' But I took it that only some man-made power held old Cyrus erect in death. I proved that theory after we had arrived upon the scene of the crime.

"Remember that before we entered the house I performed the examination of the front walk. The results were invaluable to me. I knew that a man of about twenty-two years of age had driven to the front gate and walked to the door where he stood for only a few seconds. Then he walked back to his automobile. From my investigation I also knew that the man had a corn on his left foot, smoked Hesterfield cigarettes, wore a black ring on his left thumb, had an acid burn on the sole of his left shoe, and had had ham and eggs for breakfast the day before yesterday.

"It is needless to explain how I arrived at these conclusions. Suffice it to say that I supposed from them that the man was a chemist or druggist—the acid burn made me think that—and that he was evidently on his feet quite a bit.

"Having brought my iron spiral-peep spectacles, I made use of them to better advantage than I had hoped. I was able to see what could not be seen with the naked eye. A rope had been treated with a solution of maple syrup and coffee, by a chemist I knew, to make it invisible. Tied tightly about Vanderhoff's neck it suspended him from the chandelier. He had not been stabbed to death,—he had been hanged! That knife had been plunged into his body only to quiet his death struggles as his neck broke. The rope, which was new, just did suspend the body, though it appeared to stand.

"I walked over, then, to the window

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TECH'S FOREFATHERS MEET

Easter vacation had started. The spacious campus lay quiet—no sounds of shrill voices, no music of bands, no commands of training officers. Dark night hung like a veil over it all. Suddenly something moved! An old crow sitting on a lilac tree looked around with questioning eyes.

From the Barn an antiquated gray mare came forth; slowly, worn out with age, a huge gun descended from the Arsenal. Two officers in Uncle Sam's uniform advanced toward the group from the West Residence. Their eyes sparkled with spirit and enthusiasm when they saw some of their contemporaries. An aged custodian slowly emerged from the Barracks, dragging one foot after the other. This little group of old-timers assembled near the fountain.

Then a conversation ensued. First, the officer stepped forward and said, "Stand up straight. We shall not be put off any longer. We lived in peace and quietude in the West Residence, and now we are constantly disturbed by the 'harmony' of practicing music students. Noise and disturbance from typewriters never seem to end!"

The gun, agreeing perfectly with that, drew a long breath and began, "I most certainly object to the continuous clicking of machines in my dear old home. Books are also stacked everywhere, and there is an incessant murmur of voices. The old times are gone!"

The horse wobbled over to the sad gun and rubbed her cold shoulder with his nose. "Don't cry now. Look how I have to suffer! I don't know any more whether I am in Berlin or Rome. Just imagine myself dreaming of good old times when I suddenly hear someone croaking: 'The Passive Periphrastic is formed . . .', and the voice of a teacher interrupting, 'It is not the Passive Periphrastic, but the Substantive Volitive we are talking about.' Whatever it may be, it is Greek to me."

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WHISPERING PINES

High up on the brow of a hill, about four miles from the nearest town, perched a prim two-story house, the home of Major Thomas B. Allen, his wife, Mary Rollins Allen, and their only daughter, Marjorie. The grey bulk of the house stood out in sharp relief against the eternal green of a thick row of pine trees. Because these trees held an extraordinary fascination for Marjorie from the first, when, as a child, she had come here to live, the charming old house had been called "Whispering Pines."

It seemed to Marjorie, as she sat near the window in her room this cold November night, that the big, swaying trees, bleakly etched against the moon-lit sky, were whispering and plotting together. She had been miserable all day. Major Allen and his wife had gone to St. Louis on the six-thirty train Saturday morning, having received a message about midnight Friday, informing them that Mrs. Allen's mother, Mrs. Rollins, was very ill. The first few days of their absence Marjorie had thrilled at being left at home with only the cook and the gardener; but now they had been gone four long days, and she was getting desperately lonely. It was very quiet within the room. Even the glowing logs in the grate burned tranquilly, without any of those brisk cracklings which make a fire such cheerful company.

All at once Marjorie felt that she was no longer alone, that some one was sharing with her the solitude of the night. She turned swiftly, half expecting some one to be standing there in the room. After making sure that her door was locked, she walked to the window and gazed out into the darkness.

Suddenly, along the path, appeared the figure of a man, only to be lost again in the shadows of the pine trees. Silently opening the window she leaned out as far as possible; and though she could not

see the figure again, she could hear the stealthy steps of the man as he slowly drew nearer. He paused once, as though listening; then continued on his way around to the east side of the house, and she heard the footsteps no more. She was tingling from head to foot, every nerve of her a-thrill as she lowered the window. A scraping noise from somewhere downstairs reached her ears. It was the noise of a window being raised. Opening the door she sped silently towards the cook's room; but as she neared the stairway, she heard again the stealthy footsteps. This time they were ascending the stairs. Marjorie darted into her mother's room, locked the door, and lighted the little bed light. In an agony of terror she waited, never taking her eyes from the door. Slowly and silently the knob turned. Finding the door locked, the intruder moved on toward the servants' rooms.

Hastily unlocking the door, Marjorie dashed downstairs and into the library. She would telephone for the sheriff. In terror and confusion she became distracted. If she could only find the switch to turn on the lights! It had never been difficult to find before. Suddenly a hand grasped her by the shoulder. She tried to scream, but not a sound passed her lips. She felt her knees giving way weakly beneath her. Someone had found the switch and turned on the lights. She heard a dear familiar voice asking, "Marjorie, what are you doing down here?"

"Father!" wailed Marjorie. "There is a burglar upstairs. He tried to get into Mother's room. I came down to phone for help."

"Isn't your mother in her room, Marjorie?"

The girl told her father all that had happened. As she spoke, she glanced up and encountered a sudden flash of understanding in his eyes.

"I am sorry we frightened you, Marjorie, but the house was dark, and Mother and I thought that you were asleep. We left home so hurriedly Saturday morning that I forgot my keys. Finding a window unlocked, I thought that I could get into the house and open the door for your mother without awakening you."

"But, where is Mother?"

"She went up to her room. I suspect she was your burglar, Marjorie."

The girl was rather white, but she remained very erect and taut until she was alone within her room. Then the tense-

ness of her rigid figure slackened and she leaned helplessly against the door, limp and shaking. Outside her window she could see the giant pine trees swaying as she had seen them only a short time ago, but now they seemed to be crooning consolingly. A dogged little smile twisted her lips, and the quick throbbing of her heart steadied down as the color began to steal back into her face. Apparently it was a perfectly normal Marjorie who opened the door to admit her mother a few minutes later.

EILEEN HARRIS, ENGLISH IVG

THE SONG

She sang;
And as the strain
Fell softly on each eager ear,
There rang
Within each heart,
A bell, soft-toned and ever clear.
She sang,
Not stirring notes,
Nor clamorous and shrill,
But sang
A soothing song,
Of silver brook and wooded hill.
She sang,
And children slept
A peaceful sleep, nor ever woke.
Each pang
Of grievous pain
Was soothed in hearts of aged folk.
She sang,
And from the world,
Fell back the sorrow-blackened veil.
She sang,
And now revealed,
The robe of hope, soft-hued and pale.

MARY E. WOODS, ENG. VIIC

SLEET AND SNOW

Sleet—
Although you lash my face and blind my eyes,
I feel you not,
For I have borne
Things far more cruel than mere outward pain,
Loves I have known have hurt me more
For they not only blind my eyes with tears
But sting my heart as well.
Snow—
You're like a mother to my soul,
Warming a heart
That's growing cold
From words not meant to hurt,
But words which leave me sad
Although they're spoken by a voice I love to hear.
Kindly snow—
Wrap my heart in your soft blanket
And keep it warm lest I forget
The only one I ever truly loved.

ROBERT LYBROOK, ENG. VIIIA

THE BLIND GIRL SPEAKS

I have no way of knowing
If what they say is true,
But everyone about me
Tells me the sky is blue,
That night is dark and gloomy,
Terribly brooding and still,
That there are beautiful views
To be seen from atop the hill.
They have pity for the blind!
And sorrow for the dead!
I only smile in thinking
How far they are misled.
I have felt sky's softness.
Have they ever known so much?
For they have only seen it
While I have felt its touch.
To think they have only seen
The wind playing in the leaves.
I have heard its gossipings
At night among the eaves.
Night himself is my lover.
I have felt Dawn's tender kiss.
Call me fool or sensual,
I can answer this:
"Touch or imagination,
Whichever it may be,
Has given inner sight
To set my blind soul free."

FRANCIS S. NIPP, ENG. VIIIC

PUSSY WILLOWS

I love the pussy willows,
For they come first of all.
Like daring little kittens,
They climb up branches tall.

No other trees are budding
For the days are still quite cold.
The catkins look so tiny
To be so very bold.

Oh, icy Mr. North Wind,
You may blow your hardest, Sir,
I know you cannot hurt them,
For they're all dressed up in fur.

HELEN SENGENS, ENG. IIG

HEART'S HUNGER

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emotions have gradually become very sensitive. The faintest smile, kind word, or glance can electrify my whole spirit with a current of joyfulness. Also an unconscious word from a person can make my heart want to burst with sorrowfulness. I have no malice for the persons who sometimes unconsciously cause my unhappiness. Bitterness toward my fellowmen has melted away with fuller understanding of them. Their unconscious thrusts make the light which is burning within me only more intense and fierce. The light I speak of is my desire of being acclaimed a welcome citizen among the Americans. I want to make myself great; I want to make myself useful so that I shall no longer be regarded as an obstacle in their path but as one of them—I want to be an American!

PETRINA PIZZO, ENGLISH VIII

MURDER NO DOUBT

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and saw several unopened Hesterfield cigarette packages. Evidently the old man was accustomed to smoke this brand.

"My knowledge of Laughner became useful again. He had formerly roomed with a drug clerk who worked in the store below their apartment. Therefore, when I saw the Hesterfield butts in the tray in the dead man's window, I decided that Laughner, intending to kill the old man unless he came through, notified his friend to bring him a rope besides Vanderhoff's weekly supply of cigarettes. The clerk probably smoked away some of these while delivering, since he knew that Vanderhoff would never live to smoke them himself. The butler expected the delivery, for his friend stood at the door only a moment before he left. The clerk purchased the rope from the hardware store in the same building, I found by telephone. This served to strengthen my conviction of the guilt of the druggist and Laughner to practical assurance.

"As you know, Laughner confessed this afternoon, and it conformed exactly with my theories. The butler had exposed himself as the blackmailer, and the old man still refusing to pay, Laughner surprised him with the rope and hung him to the chandelier,—then stabbed him."

There was silence for a moment, then the doctor muttered, "Marvelous," as Filo Vents arose and went to the mantel for his violin to ease his tired nerves with the mournful strains of his favorite funeral march.

JAMES F. BURRELL

TECH'S FOREFATHERS MEET

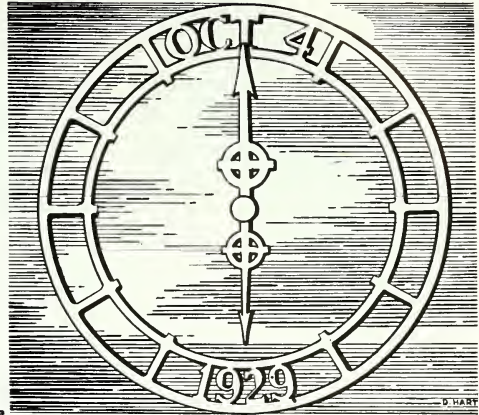
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Here the custodian interrupted: "That's nonsense all right, but the peak of nonsense is the attention given to the students. They make sidewalks for them, trim bushes, plant trees, dust desks, fix the heat, and even open the windows. When I used to be the only custodian (now there are more custodians than officers), I had easy work. What a glorious time that was!"

"Stop! You've said enough!" burst out the dignified Major. "Can't you see that times are changed? These students come to receive an education, to enjoy sports, to become law-abiding citizens. It is they who will manage the country later. Wouldn't you rather see nice walks, beautiful shrubbery, clean buildings, good lights, and well-dressed children, than dingy barracks, no walks except mud and water, candle sticks, and rough soldiers? Moreover, there is still a remembrance of the old times. Doesn't it thrill you to recognize familiar commands ring across the campus, to see the soldiers, to hear the R.O.T.C. Band? I heartily agree with these times." And drawing all his military dignity into one word, he commanded, "Dismissed!" after which each went back to his quarters still objecting.

FERN MESSMER, ENGLISH IVG

ON THE ATHLETIC FIELD



FOR WORK AND PLAY

No longer blind to all its mammoth
size

Now that the needed edifice was
raised,

A building which at once could
symbolize

Development of mind and body
both,

Tech had at last a proper meeting
place,

Gymnasium, assembly hall in which
Each saw his fellow-students face to
face.

Tech dedicated it with fitting rites.
The games and plays, the lectures
heard since then

Have left Tech students rich with
memories

That rise as they recall school days
again

And recollect where they have
worked and played.

F. S. N.



THE BASKETBALL TEAM

First Row: Wayne Huston, Halbert Gauker, Ralph Willis, Howard Pursell, John Townsend, Raymond Gladden. Second Row: Reuben Behlmer, assistant coach, Earl Townsend, Donas Dischinger, Coach Tim Campbell, Leroy Edwards, Phil Liehr, Fred R. Gorman, athletic manager.

HAD SUCCESSFUL SEASON

Eleven games won and seven games in which defeat was administered the locals was the result of the regular basketball schedule. In addition to this, the Big Green team emerged victorious in the City, Sectional, and Regional tournaments and advanced to the quarter-final round of the State tourney, as well as annexing for the first time since Technical High School began to compete in state basketball circles the championship crown of the North Central Conference.

Broad Ripple was the first team to fall by the wayside on Tech's march to the city championship, when it lost a 30-to-22 encounter. In the finals of the tournament Tech and Washington battled for the city crown. The Continentals started fast but Tech returned to its old form and finished ahead, 26 to 22.

Tech's tournament play was opened in the Sectional with a game against its arch-rival, Shortridge. After a slow start, Tech burst forth with a barrage of baskets and swamped the North Siders, 29 to 15. New Augusta was the next team to fall before the powerful offensive

Techmen, 51 to 20. In Tech's semi-final encounter it drubbed New Bethel by a 37-to-18 margin. Tech became the local entry in the Regional by doubling the score on the Washington Continentals, 28 to 14.

In a hectic battle Tech advanced to the finals of the Regional by defeating the Alexandria Tigers, 16 to 14. Tech led throughout most of the game, but in the last few minutes Alexandria rallied and tied the score at 14 to 14. With but thirty seconds remaining Edwards tipped in the winning basket. Danville succumbed to Tech in the final game, losing, 32 to 25.

Columbus was the first opponent of the elongated Green and White net snipers in the final act of the tourney. Tech displayed an extremely good delayed offense against the Bulldogs, and emerged victorious by a 33-to-21 count. However, Bosse of Evansville upset Tech in the second round, 27 to 15.

Too much honor cannot be paid to Coach Campbell and the members of the team for the remarkable showing they made during the entire season.



THE BASEBALL TEAM

First Row: Pat Fessler, William A. Brown, Robert Graves, Kenneth Murray, Frank Krause. Second Row: John Mueller, coach, James Stiles, Howard Pursell, Roy King, Frank Noffke, Fred Winnefeld, Eugene Sterritt, Everett Barnes, L. C. Twineham, assistant coach. Third Row: Charles Kladden, Donald Sterritt, Charles Caskey, Jack Woerner, Fred R. Gorman, athletic manager, Robert Fisher, Robert Keithly, Welby Clift, Alfred Ferguson.

MAKES CREDITABLE SHOWING

The baseball material this year was young and inexperienced, but showed promise, as nearly all the members are undergraduates. There has been some ability in the ranks, though on the whole somewhat less than in former years.

All season, on defense the infield was one of the best which has worn the Green and White in many years. Noffke, a made-over outfielder; Stiles, moved in to third from the outfield; and Pursell, holding down the same old keystone sack, have been especially impressive, with King, a new man, at short, showing up well. Stiles with admirable ability has filled the shoes left vacant by Dave Jordan.

Although the infield was outstanding in its defensive ability, the squad was appreciably weak in the hitting department, both in the outfield and behind the bat. Indeed, so faulty was the outfield that it committed nearly as many errors in one season as had been committed in the past five years.

One of the big disappointments of the year was the loss of Eugene Sterritt.

Sterritt had been counted on as the outstanding hurler for the nine, but was ineligible and was lost for the remainder of the schedule. Barnes and Winnefeld, however, came through in good style.

Probably no greater enthusiasm in the diamond sport has ever been manifested here at Tech than was this year. At the call for men, Mr. Mueller had the largest turnout that he has had for years. Although the season was not particularly impressive, a catcher, a pitcher, a first baseman, a shortstop, and several outfielders are all left for next year's aggregation.



FRESHMEN SUCCESSFUL

The Tech rhinie basketball team, under the able tutelage of Coach Charles P. Dagwell, came through with a very successful season, winning nine games and losing six in their fifteen-game schedule. They also won the city championship for freshman teams, and defeated Southport twice, after the Cardinals had triumphed in the Freshman tournament held in their own gym.



THE TRACK TEAM

First Row: Wayne Huston, Halbert Gauker, Rolla Burghardt, Don Pickler, Fred Lantz, William Greenlees, Henry Bruder, Clifford Campbell, James Brown, Charles Gillespie, George Miller, John Thoeny. Second Row: Reuben Behlmer, Kenneth White, Max Williams, Homer Williams, Jack Neely, Fred R. Gorman, athletic manager, Howard Chaille, George Harris, Andy Pagach, Paul E. Myers, coach.

TRACK TEAM TRIUMPHS

The Tech varsity track team opened the cinder-path season by taking third place in the State Indoor Track Meet, April ninth, with a score of seventeen points. Froebel of Gary won first place with a total of forty-eight points, while Horace Mann of Gary placed second with nineteen points. Forty-seven schools were represented by approximately five hundred fifty boys at this meet.

Bruder of Tech took second place in the shot put; Lantz placed Tech second in the record-breaking mile event; White won fourth place in the half-mile; Greenlees sprinted home first in the second half-mile race; Charles Gillespie and Howard Obenchain took fourth place, respectively, in the third and fourth running of the quarter-mile dash; and the eight-lap relay team, composed of Obenchain, Pickler, Gillespie, and Greenlees, placed second in the second running of that event.

April twelfth was a day of gloom for the Green and White cinder team, when the visiting Kokomo team defeated it by one point, Tech making fifty points.

April thirtieth, Tech journeyed to Kokomo and retaliated by winning the Kokomo relays with a score of twenty-two points. Washington of Indianapolis took second with seventeen and a half points; Anderson, third, with fifteen points; and Kokomo, fourth, with thirteen and a half points. Twenty-seven schools participated in the meet.

Jack Neely, Tech hurdler, set new records in both high and low hurdles, at Kokomo; and the middle distance relay team, consisting of Gillespie, White, Thoeny, and Greenlees, set a new time for the relay events. Neely ran the high hurdles in sixteen seconds, cutting the time three-tenths of a second; he ran the low hurdles in twenty-five and a half seconds, reducing the time half a second. The new time for the relay events was six minutes, seven and six-tenths seconds, bettering the old record, set by Kokomo last year, by nine-tenths of a second.

During the fifteen-day interval between Tech's defeat at the hands of Kokomo and the returning of the compliment, the

(Continued on Page 54)



THE GOLF TEAM

Robert Munro, Paul Gentry, Anthony Petric, Walter Chapman, Fred Gronaur, Charles Brown, and Paul Carr.

LINKSMEN ESTABLISH RECORD

Four victories in as many starts was the record stacked up by the Tech linksmen when the CANNON went to press.

Tech swamped Noblesville, 11 to 1; it walloped Cathedral, $9\frac{1}{2}$ to $2\frac{1}{2}$; downed Anderson by a count of $9\frac{1}{2}$ to $5\frac{1}{2}$; and defeated Jefferson of Lafayette by an $8\frac{1}{2}$ -to- $3\frac{1}{2}$ score.

Matches were played with Noblesville, Cathedral, Shortridge, and Anderson. The team participated in the state tournament held Saturday, May twenty-first, at the South Grove links. Walter Chapman, Anthony Petric, Robert Munro, and Paul Carr comprised the team.



THE TENNIS TEAM

Robert Morgan, Maurice Wolfred, Coach C. P. Dagwell, Bud Hamaker, and Earl Taylor.

WITH THE RACQUET-WIELDERS

Only one match had been played by the tennis team at the time the CANNON went to press. Anderson was swamped by the local netters, 6 to 1. All singles matches and one of the two doubles matches were won in straight sets by the Green and White tennis players. Wolfred, Hamaker, Morgan, Taylor, and McDermid played the singles matches. Hamaker and Wolfred, and Taylor and Morgan participated in the doubles. Wolfred was in the singles of the North Central Conference and Hamaker and Morgan played in the doubles.

THOMAS TAYLOR

As the hands of time slowly moved toward midnight Thursday, April twenty-first, the last grains of sand slid through life's hour glass for Tommy Taylor. It was the end of a game fight for life by a boy who had fought just as gamely on the gridiron and on the diamond under the colors of the Green and White. Tommy was injured in the Tech-Manual football game, October twenty-third. Since that game, the fight had been mostly up-hill, but Tommy's cheerful spirit buoyed the hopes of his friends and relatives as he manfully fought

off oblivion with the remaining strength in his weakened body.

He was a worthy representative of Tech, one of whom the school was proud. His spirit, throughout the days of his confinement, showed through with the fineness of gold. Always he wore a smile, even though his body was wracked with pain.



Thomas Taylor

Tommy has gone, but his spirit shall live forever in the hearts of his friends, classmates, and teachers here at Tech.—“He looked for the best in others and gave the best he had.”

CHECKING OFF THE BIRTHDAYS

(Continued from Page 42)

meeting opened at three o'clock with a cantata, "The Bohemian Girl." The track team presented to Mr. Stuart two trophies won by the team. One was a large silver loving cup and the other, a shield. Both were won at the state track meet.

At the Supreme Day observation in May, 1925, Otis Igleman, a Tech graduate, gave a program of violin selections accompanied by Louise Spillman, a Tech alumna.

A new fountain, coming from an old well more than 400 feet deep, was presented to the Board of School Commissioners by Mr. Stuart with appropriate ceremonies at the aquarium, on the 1926 Supreme Day. In addition, the choral societies presented a cantata, and the R. O. T. C. drilled before the student body which had paraded to the field, led by the military band.

Touring Tech was the special feature of the 1928 school birthday. Selected seniors acted as guides to guests of the school. The nature preserve of four acres enclosed by a cyclone fence was of special interest to friends of the school. The paths were labeled and all species of plants were named for this day.

At the out-of-door assembly held east of the Artillery building with the aid of amplifiers, Mr. Stuart announced to the student body that \$215,000 instead of \$200,000 as previously stated, had been appropriated for the erection of the new auditorium-gymnasium, and also that \$10,000 had been collected toward the organ fund.

The school held Open House on the 1929, 1930, and 1931 Supreme Days. Guests were cordially invited to attend the various classes in session and to see the department exhibits which had been planned.

With a background of nineteen years of epoch-making history, well represented by the Supreme Day which marked each

year, the stage was appropriately set for the climax in the Twentieth Anniversary Exposition.

THELMA COLEMAN

RESERVE RESUME

Like the varsity, the reserve basketball team enjoyed a most successful season during the past period of play.

Playing a total of seventeen games, the Green and White seconds won twelve encounters and dropped only five, these to Greenfield, Muncie, Shortridge, Martinsville, and Newcastle.

These boys, who carried the school through the season and many of whom will probably be heard from in the next few years, are William Budelman, Ted Lehman, Edward Page, Andy Pagach, Ben King, Roy King, Ralph Prather, James Prather, Jack Woerner, George Wright, Francis Wright, Robert Graves, and Paul Bauman.

TRACK TEAM TRIUMPHS

(Continued from Page 52)

Myermen assuaged their wounded pride by carrying off the majority of honors in the quadrangular meet at Muncie, April fifteenth, among Muncie, Tech, Alexandria, and Anderson, and piling up fifty-three and five-sixths points.

The week following the Kokomo relays, the Wildcats won the North Central Conference Meet at Tech. Neely hung up a new record in the low hurdles, twenty-five and one-half seconds; but was disqualified in the high hurdles, due to knocking over a hurdle. Bruder set a new shot record, and Greenlees finished the half-mile event in record-breaking time.

Six members of the track squad and a half-mile relay team were qualified for the State Meet, Saturday, May fourteenth, by Tech in the Indianapolis Sectional Meet which the Green and White won with forty-two and a half points.

Tech accounted for five of the six new records established. In the State, May twenty-first, at Butler, Tech placed third.

WITH THE TECH ORGANIZATIONS



TWICE TEN YEARS GONE

Twice ten years gone, now Tech once more was marked

The passing years in manner apropos

Such a great spirit with which Tech embarked.

Exhibiting the handwork, arts, and crafts,

An exposition, greatest ever planned,

Showed Tech and all her work on that birthday.

A celebration fitting each demand

Displayed the work of brain and brawn in school.

How far the work may go we can but guess

From what in twenty years the school has done.

The Future whispers it shall not be less

But all her work shall make Tech proud of it.

F. S. N.



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THE ARSENAL CANNON

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TECH PROGRESS

Twenty years ago, one hundred eighty-three pupils and eight teachers, utilizing the second floor of the Arsenal Building, constituted what is now known as the Arsenal Technical Schools. Today, almost six thousand students, a faculty numbering two hundred fifty, and fourteen buildings comprise that same institution.

Progress! That vital factor in life which leads to the pinnacle of achievement! That something which has led man to his status in the world today! That something to attain which requires the whole-souled initiative, the absolute faith, the utmost confidence, and the ability to increase in proficiency, combined with the deep-seated ambition and the far-sighted vision of mere man! These characteristics are the traits of which Tech is the proud representative today.

To live, man must act; man must achieve; man must create! These works are the representatives of progress. So Tech has acted;

Tech has achieved; Tech has created! Twenty years of progress are represented here in our school! Advancement from a mediocre station in the world of education to a position of supremacy and world-recognition: power supreme to better the welfare of mankind; power to live forever in the souls of men—these are progress—Tech progress.

WARREN McDERMID



R. O. T. C.

For ten consecutive years, the R. O. T. C. has won the red star for the Fifth Corps Area. The latest inspection was held April twenty-seventh.

One of the major honors won by the unit this year was the winning of the city rifle match. The R. O. T. C. Band was personally presented a silver cup by Governor Harry G. Leslie for being the best marching band in the annual baseball parade.



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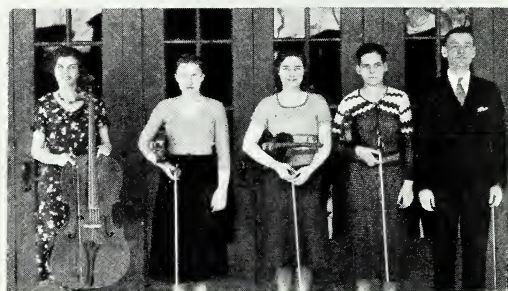
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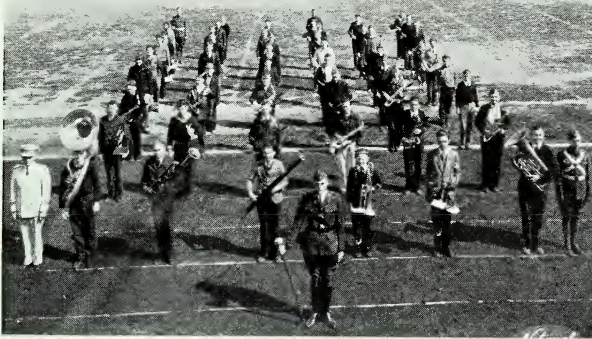
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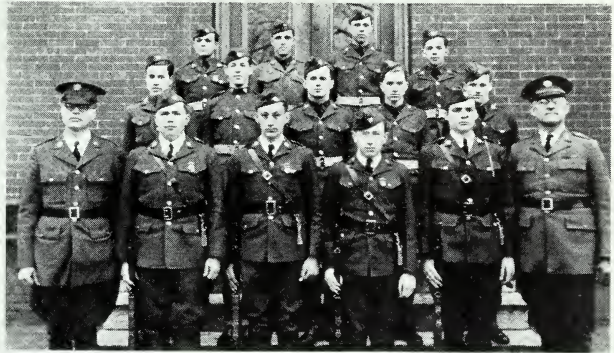
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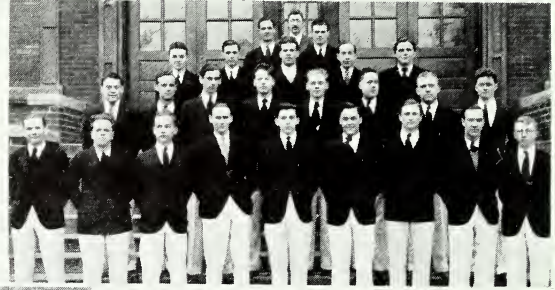
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GIRLS' CONCERT
* CLUB *



BOYS' CONCERT
* CLUB *



BOYS' GLEE
* CLUB *

GIRLS' GLEE
* CLUB *



BOYS' JUNIOR
GLEE CLUB



CONCERT
* CHOIR *



HOLD TWENTIETH ANNIVERSARY EXPOSITION

Featuring eighty displays showing sixty different subjects of all-school work, the Twentieth Anniversary Exposition, held in the Auditorium May twentieth and twenty-first, marked Tech's twentieth anniversary as a school with one of the greatest events in her history. Approximately 6,950 square feet of exhibit space was utilized by the gigantic display which was open to both the student body and the public. Principal DeWitt S. Morgan, Mr. Chelsea Stewart, as director, and Mr. Herbert D. Traub, as chief electrician, sponsored the Exposition.

In the Court of Honor which formed the exhibition nucleus, Tech's contribution to the world was symbolized by the twenty-two-foot centerpiece around the top of which a globe of the world continuously revolved. At each corner of the Court of Honor was situated a flag-pole, flying an Exposition banner; a pool; and a statue symbolic of education. The two agitating pools contained the displays of the Zoology and Botany departments, while the four figures stood for Inspiration, Meditation, Preparation, and Realization.

Feature demonstrations and entertainment numbers were presented every hour on the stage, before which was erected an amphitheatre to accommodate the large audience. At the back of the stage, the Carpentry department built a model house which the Home Economics department furnished. On the lawn fronting the home the hourly stage shows were performed. A runway extending from the stage provided for the style shows given by the Home Economics department. A special booth demonstration was given every ten minutes.

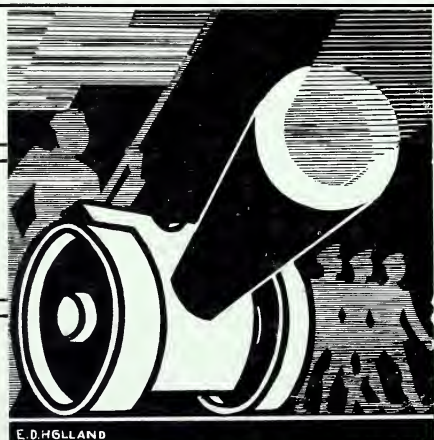
The Civic Center display illustrating the relation of the school to the community was presented at the rear. Nearby, a phase of the music activities was prominently represented in the programs furnished on the band-stand.

Several hundred students won distinctive honor awards for work exhibited in the Exposition. A special Twentieth Anniversary award series was instituted to encourage exceptional work, done during the current year in all departments, which was on display. The awards were in the form of official Exposition seals in three grades, using the conventional designations: blue for first, red for second, and white for third. The types of work were distinguished by the wording on the awards, "For Craftsmanship," designating, primarily, shop work, and "For Excellence." The awards were so carefully granted that their receipt was comparable to year-end honors. This afforded an exceptional opportunity to recognize the fine work of a number of students, who, because of the comparatively small number of other honors available, might otherwise have been overlooked.

The silver banners designating the booths with the name of each department were made by Mrs. Roberta Warren Stewart's advanced commercial art class. Mr. John Simpson's Drawing IV class designed the modernistic panels interpreting the work displayed in each department booth, which hung from the ceiling. The forty chandeliers which illuminated the Auditorium during the Exposition were made in modernistic pattern with translucent decoration.

Flower pots were placed along the balcony railing. A sign announcing the Twentieth Anniversary Exposition flashed through the south upstairs windows and two large banners served the same purpose. Immediately within the main entrance was placed the principal's message to the guests. In commenting on the Exposition, Mr. DeWitt S. Morgan stated, "The Exposition not only showed the development of the school, but the work of every department and of the pupils."

BEATRICE ROEHM



TWENTIETH
ANNIVERSARY
NUMBER